

Coolen, on Wednesday next, our Counsell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:

But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a deuill haſt thou to
doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bauds,
and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sun
himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame coulored Taffata; I ſee
no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſuperfluous to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hall*, for we that take
Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuē ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*,
he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete
wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty
I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Fal. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the
ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble
and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we
ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
prooſe

prooſe. Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Mon-
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning;
got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now
in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in
as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true lad: and is not my Ho-
ſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Caſtle, and
is not a Buſſe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to do with a Buſſe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe
of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch;
and where it would not, I haue vſde my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere apparant that
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there
be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? & reſo-
lution thus ſubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father an-
tick the Law: do not thou whē thou art a king hang a theeſe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue
the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman
hath no leane Wardrop, Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb
Cat, or a lugd-Bear.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpipe,

Prin. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of
Moore.